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POETRY OF THE TIMES.

The Athlete.

A hollow chest, a pale and wasted cheek
That smiles never seek.
A drooping form, a melancholy eye
And many a sigh.
Bending, with look intent, for many an hour
Above a flower.
With gaze as rapt as if to contemplate
Degrees of fate
Aspiring, longing, yearning, realizing all
But I know not what.
Idealizing real, changing, poor common clay
With power of fay.
Finding the beautiful in all, even to a
winding-sheet.
This is the Athlete.

Pious Pretenders.

Farewell to opera and to ball,
Reception and to morning call;
Hail to ashes, sackcloth, prayers,
To sewing circles, orphan fairs,
I've packed away my pretty dresses;
I've straightened out my flaring tresses;
I've sobered down my giddy look,
And hunted up my prayer book.
And now, with pious soul intent,
I feel I'm ready to repent;
For, as I think the rectors say,
The Lent will end in forty days.

Pork and Succotash.

The lily in the valley grows,
The rose faints in the woods,
The violet its incense throws
Where sparkling waters run.
Their sweetness and their beauty fill
The lover's soul with thrill.
But you and I prefer, dear girl,
Our pork and succotash.

Sleep.

Sleep and I have long at variance stood;
Wakefulness hath been my bosom friend,
But now I wish to break this brotherhood
And bring its baneful influence to an end.
For when the shadows of the peaceful night
Their restful pinions spread upon the earth,
Then most do I long to slumber from mine eyes
Like light.

To come no more until the morning's birth,
So Night, when next thou comest to me,
Bring with thee the poppies from the land of Sleep
And in their somnolence my senses steep—
Somnus, thy raven plumes my pillow bend,
My night y Queen, O King, to dwell with thee.

Where Letho through her banks flows

silently.

J. M. R.

FELIPA.

A rising August sun painted the
tops of the rugged peaks of the moun-
tain range lying west of Santa Fe.
The great plaza where the grove of
cottonwood trees stands was shaded in
gray light. Out from a vine-entwined
adobe house, whose side windows were
festooned with white muslin, caught
with blue ribbons, stepped a young
Mexican woman. She was tall, slender,
erect. Her long, oval face was
olive colored, with a dash of dark
crimson in the cheeks. Her forehead
was broad and low. Her large eyes
were intensely black. A handsome
woman, whose beauty was not marred
by slightly prominent cheek bones
that indicated ancestral Indian blood,
dressed simply in clean muslin, with
her black hair bound with a gay ribbon.
Felipa stood in front of the low
door, intently gazing to the north over
the divide where the trail led to the
northern grazing ground. She stood
with outstretched arms for an instant;
then, raising them high above her
head, as though in appealing supplication,
she murmured: "Madonna, how long,
how long!" Turning, she looked quickly
at the windows of the house, used as a
store, to see if the stock of tobacco
and cigars were attractively arranged.
Apparently satisfied, she called softly
in accented English: "Tip, Tip, you
little angel, awaken!" From the darkness
of the back room a childish voice
sleepily answered: "Yes, mother,"
and Tip, a handsome, golden-haired
boy of six, came to the door. He
was clad in a single flowing garment
of white. His long hair hung in
curly waves down his back. His black
eyes snapped with anger as he looked
at his mother. Deliberately he sat
on the threshold of the door, and
with childish defiance rebelled against
her unspoken request. No Tip
would not be washed. Tip took no
interest in cleanliness, indeed,
preferred, much preferred, to be a
pig, as his mother suggested. Vehemently
the twin talked, now in
Spanish, again in English. In ap-
parent fury the woman advanced
threateningly toward the child. He,
resolute, defiantly met her eyes with
orbs blazing like the line of battle. The
handsome woman turned her face
away from the rebel to hide a
smile, then, with powerful look
back, saying sadly: "Tip, I
promised your dear father to wash
you every morning at sunrise at the
fountain. When he returns with the
cold weather and hears that his boy
has been unwashed he will be deeply
grieved." Soberly she added: "Tip,
he will no longer love us. He will
ride away to the north, where the
cold, white snow lies long on the
ground, and we will never again see
him. There will be no glorious father
in our house this winter. There will
be no Christmas for us. I shall die."

The little white-clad figure sprang
sobbing into his mother's outstretched
arms. Felipa comforted him; then
reaching into the door took from a
shelf a heavy earthenware pitcher,
and the child, putting his little brown
hand into his mother's, walked at her
side toward the fountain, conquered
by his love for his absent father. At
the fountain the child, naked, rosy
with health, and firm fleshed, stood
on a smooth stone while his mother
dipped the cool water and poured it
on him, rubbing him briskly with her
open hand. Dried, the boy was reclad
in the flowing white garment, and
his mother, filling her water jug re-
turned to her home, the active, hand-
some child running before her. The
simple breakfast of the Mexican
woman was supplemented by a tiny
beefsteak and a bowl of milk for Tip.
The sun arose. The sleepy town of
Santa Fe awoke. The chimneys of the
cathedral bells filled the air, causing
it to tremble slightly. Mexican
women, dirty, slovenly, repulsive,
hastened to mass. Soon the streets
were filled with wagons, and the loud
crack of black-snake whips and the
oaths of the driver filled the air.
Cowboys, girl with cartridge belts and
revolvers, cantered in and out of
town. Felipa's tobacco shop was a
favorite resort for the cowboys and
herders, many of whom lingered long
over their purchases, vainly endeavor-
ing to make love to the handsome
woman.

All the cowboys and most of the

freighters knew the story of Felipa's

rescue of an American herder from a

murderous assault made on him by

jealous Mexicans at a fandango.

They had heard how bravely she de-

fended, and afterwards nursed him

for weeks, and all respected and ad-

mired her. The curly-haired, blue-

eyed blonde from Maine grew to love

Felipa as he lay, wounded near to

death, in her bed. When he recovered

he established her in the little to-

bacco and cigar business, and lived

with her for winters. In her great

love for him, in her humility, Felipa

never thought that the American

should have married her. His name

was Charles Goodson, but in the cattle

range he was known as Tip. He was

a bowler, and was absent from

home for eight months in the year.

Felipa was grateful that this man re-

turned to her and the child every

October, and remained with them for

four months. Tip had galloped into

Santa Fe on the morning of the 4th

of October for six years.

He always brought his year's pay

with him, and giving the money to

Felipa, he loaded the money away,

leaving the child, sportive and

teasing the woman, taking long walks

with the child in his arms or trotting

at his side; never drinking, never

smoking, always kind, loving and

tender. In the early spring he asked

Felipa for a new outfit of clothing, a

box of pistol cartridges, and maybe

for new spurs. Then, saddling his

horse he rode away to tend his em-

ployer's stock. Tip never asked for

an accounting of the money expended,
nor did he ever inquire as to the

profits of the steadily growing tobacco

business. Careless, contented, healthy,
he enjoyed his winter's idleness, and

in the spring rode off satisfied with

himself, with Felipa, and with Tip

the younger.

When he left her, the joy, the light

faded from Felipa's face. The months
of heart, she counted the months of
half were gone; then she counted
weeks, and soon months, until the
Feast of St. Francis should bring Tip

galloping into Santa Fe. The tobacco

business prospered under her man-

agement. Her ambition was to have

enough money out of the profits of

the shop and the wages of Tip to open

a larger store in a better portion of

the town. The money she had saved

was to have a business suffi-

ciently large to afford Tip employ-

ment, and so keep him with her. She

dreaded lest he might be killed or

disabled in his occupation, feared that

he might be shot in combat. She

never doubted his love for her. The

handsome, reckless, courageous

American was her god, and this god

she loved passionately.

With growing impatience she waited

for St. Francis' day. Never before

had the time seemed so long. Daily,
in the morning, she looked up the

track leading to the north and ex-

tended her arms hungrily for the

absent herder.

Tip the elder, with widely extended

limbs, lay in deep sleep on the bare,
wind-swept summit of a butte. His

head, resting on his hand, he had

the unbuttoned flaps of his double-
breasted shirt were thrown widelyopen. His hair-covered chest, the
ribs showing as clearly as the hoops ofa quail net, was hot in the intense
rays of an August sun. His felt hat
was pulled protectively forward over
his closed eyes. Below him, accom-panied by double pistols, saddle and
bridle, lay a magnificent black horse,
his mane, grazed a bay mustang. Along rawhide lariar crawled, snail-like,
and as though with hostile intent,
through the short grass after theblooded animal. Tip smiled in his
sleep, probably a vision of the plazaof Santa Fe, with Felipa and the child
standing under the trees, arose before
him. He saw up his legs. Tinkle,tinkle, tinkle, rang the tiny
bells on his spurs. Instantly the

man leaped to his feet, alert, ac-

tive. With a nervous stroke of his

left hand he struck the wide, vision-
obscuring brim of his hat upward.
Below him on the plain grazed Bur-leson's herd of 3,000 head. Texas
cattle all. Their long, wide spread-ing horns were highly polished by the
sun, and by rubbing in play. A
full combative fencing. The cattlestood listlessly chewing their cud, or
lying in groups, chewing as they slept.
The heat was intense. Waves of hotair rolled slowly across the arid plains,
causing the level to rise and fall like
the sea. Seen through the heated,
vibrating air, the figures of the cattlewere distorted into many fantastic
and even alarming shapes. That
group by the foot of the bluff was
surely a band of mounted and blank-eted Indians issuing from a canyon.
That waving line of trees on the
further shore, where the waves broke
in foam, was very real.

Looking intently downward and far

out on to the plains, Tip's face became

slightly clouded. He turned to the

north-west and gazed in that direction.
Far off, barely visible above the north-ern horizon, were a few, low-lying,
jagged, white-capped black columns,
pyramids and domes. Distorted by
the heated air, they might be distantcattle grazing on the divide. Seated
on the ground with his chin resting onhis clasped knees, Tip, motionless as a
bronze statue, watched anxiously the
distant objects. There was a rift in
the heated air, and through it Tip sawsomething that made him spring to
his feet. Leaning slightly forward,
he swept the whole extent of thenorthern horizon and the plains below
him with his eyes. Other figures of
men sprang into active life on other
buttes. With a nervous jerk Tip

tightened his heavy-laden leather car-

tridge belt. He tied the buckskin
thongs hanging from the lower end of
his pistol holster around his legs.Walking to his horse, he
loosened the lariar from his neck,
and, after coiling it, tied it securelybehind his saddle. Mounting, he
rode rapidly down the hillside. Down
the flanks of other buttes horsemen,
who had risen from the barren groundlike dragon-tooth knights, galloped
wildly. The sky columns, pyramids,
domes, black and silver-fringed, had
grown rapidly. There was no possi-bility of there being distant cattle
grazing on the summit of the divide.
A deeply serrated black line rosehigher and higher above the north-
western horizon. The sun's slanting rays
of the setting sun were reflected pink-ishly from this cloud line. The wind
lulled. A sultry heat, producing
acute mental irritation and violent
disturbing the nerves of the horse-men, pervaded the air. The cattle
arose and switched their tails vic-

iously as though beating off blood-

sucking flies.

"Yo-o-o-ugh! Ho-o-o-o-p! Ho-o-o-p!"

"Hi! Yo-o-o-ugh! Ho-o-o-o-p!"

sounded the galloping horsemen. The

obedient cattle slowly gathered

together as the singing, quiet-awing

herders circled around them. The

tones of the men's voices betrayed

their nervous irritation. The cattle

lowered slowly, mournfully, and with

high heads and expended nostrils

smelled inquiringly of the air. The

circling horsemen, pulling gently on

the left rein, rapidly reduced the

diameter of the circle. Then, as the

cattle "bunched," the herders slowly

rode around them, casting an-

glances at the rapidly rising

bank of dark clouds. The cat-

tles were nervous and quarrelsome,
and the clash of horns as the

bullies of various groups closed in

combat filled the air. The edges of
the herd swayed wildly, as thoughunwilling to await the coming storm.
Higher and higher the northern stormcloud rose. More and more uneasy
grew the cattle. The roll of distantthunder rumbled loudly over the arid
plains. Suddenly there arose, far to
the south beyond the Cimmaron river,
an intensely black cloud with crimsonedges. As it shot above the horizon
it expanded. Growing fast, it soon
filled the southwestern horizon, and
its apex approached the zenith.Lightning, crimson and broken, flew
from this cloud in all directions.

Anxiously the herders, and the

southern storm. Suddenly they dis-

mounted and tightened their saddle
girths.Out from the north a furious wind,
cold and penetrating, burst with amighty rush. This storm advanced
rapidly. It was almost dark. Thefalling hail shut out the northern land-
scape as though it were a screen racingsouthward. Seen through the falling
ice the lightning was white. The
roar of the thunder was drowned in
the noise made by the lumps of icegrinding together in the air. Grimly
the herders sat on their motionless
horses. They stuffed their handker-chiefs into their hats and waited. The
cattle faced the coming storm. A
burst on them. A vivid, burning barof light, a red whip of death, struck
obliquely into the herd. A crash, as
if a ten-gun battery had burst into
action, instantaneously followed. Adozen steers fell dead. Instantly the
great herd wheeled, panic-stricken
—yes, crazed by the storm—
and fled wildly to the south.The frenzied cattle were
dead to the voices of the
herders, who, now that the storm had
burst and the consequent stampede
occurred, were no longer nervous or
irritable. Gallantly they rode on the
flanks, or bravely rode in the dark-ness before the rushing herd, vainly
endeavoring to check the stampede.
Cheerfully they sang and called to the
terror-stricken animals to reassure

them. Beaten by the sharp hail, ter-

rified by the striking lightning and
incessant thunder, the herd drew
backward, and gave one of Tip's
men four lives in a rapid deal with
which to open a "jack pot" that
had passed seven times. The

deluded player eagerly "open-

ed" for all the money he had.
Promptly the Texan called him.
The hands were shown. The Texan showed
four sevens and drew in the pot.

The northern men vehemently de-

clared the dealer was an expert shuff-

ler and dealer, and gave one of Tip's
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